MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XI. July, 1916 No. 4

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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street.
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Vol. XI **JULY, 1916** **No. 4**

"VENGEANCE"

By Ben L. Reitman

I LEAN over and look out through the bars that men have built until
It seems as though no one is left but you and me.
The protection of the Godly Sun is gone.
The crowds that play and curse and joke are asleep,
Each in his separate Hell.
Only a few unkindly stars look in my window and the lights
Of the factories cast an evil shadow in my cell.
On the walls crawl little things that impress me as giant monsters
Who come to eat me. I am afraid of my littleness.
I read the Bible,—Listen:
"A little while and ye shall not see me—and again a little while and ye shall see me—
"Ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and
Ye shall be sorrowful—but your sorrow shall be turned to joy".
I have been reading Shelley, Wilde, Wood and the Bible. They all lie open before me.
The cell is full of evil shadows.
I reach out my arms, but find only the cruel steel walls.

I listen for a soothing voice, but hear only the harsh puffing of the passing train.
I realize the Path of Truth is not simple—and jail is Hell because it separates.
Punishment is not the lack of food and an iron cage, but
'Tis a lack of freedom,
And those that put us here, who punishes them?
One District Attorney, in his term, can send 100,000 *to prison.*
One Judge can take the light and liberty from 10,000 *people.*
Who is their God that demands vengeance?
Oh Blessed Revolution! born of the love for generations.
Oh blessed Revolution! come and set us free.
Oh God of Liberty! make me strong and brave, help me to show the way.
Let not my love for love or desire for life or duty toward Mother hold me.
Let me be thine avenging sword, Oh God of Liberty!"
I see it all—I have known it for years. All my work has been a preparation for it.
"For only blood can wipe out blood, and only tears can heal."
If I have freedom in my love and in my soul, I am free.

CELL 424.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

A FREIGHT train laden with cattle, pigs, calves, sheep, all to be sent to the slaughter house, is a pitiful sight. The animals in the cars seem to feel their destiny. Their lowing, bleating, grunting sounds dismal to the ear, one discerns in them profound grief, sad complaint, pleading, reproach. They seem to appeal to justice and sympathy. Somehow they impress you that they do not approve of being slaughtered.

The trouble with them is that they are not susceptible to education. Could they be educated like human beings, were it possible to inculcate their brains with noble patriotic thoughts, with national enthusiasm, they would realize how great and honorable it is to die in the slaughter house for the profits of the meat trust, for the prosperity and liberty of the country.

By all means, educators of the republic, try your best to find a method to make the poor beasts understand. Try the educational methods of Plattsburg camp, may be, they work just as well with our dumb brothers.

* * *

LET us hope that the national conventions of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive Parties were the true expression of patriotic sentiment throughout the country. If they were, there are fair prospects that this year's Fourth of July will be a still more empty and dull affair than usual.

From hundreds of reports we could learn that a dead rat shows more enthusiasm than these political representatives of the nation exhibited. The Republican convention was described as unendurably stupid, and about the Democratic convention a New York paper remarked that for thorough going dullness and lack of interest it probably would never be surpassed.

As for the Progressives, they became a scattered herd of sheep, after the shepherd Roosevelt had sold their fleeces to the Republican party.

Imagine all these high national and patriotic feelings poured into the Fourth of July celebration! It can't be less than the high water mark of national pride.

* * *

GREED and political intrigue have succeeded in pushing the people of the United States very near the abyss of a war with Mexico. Greed directed and commanded behind the scene, and the government acted the show on the national stage accordingly, glad to exploit the "all embracing" national issue for next election.

The European war revealed the rottenness, deception, of all governmentalism in its startling extent and grossness. The American people however, have, as it seems, not gained any insight into the bloody game. Easily trapped they are by the interests of American wealth, speculating in Mexico, and by the Washington administration intrigue to secure its position for the next term.

For these purposes it is that the federal army and the national guard are mobilized and sped into Mexico. Young men of the people go and fight, be crippled and die, in order that the immense possessions and enter-

prises of American money grabbers in Mexico may increase in value, and that the administration may retain its power.

If an army is despatched into a foreign country to search for a lost stick pin and stays there interminably, the foreign country certainly has a right to protest. There could be no doubt, right in the beginning, that the sending of a military force to invade Mexico under the pretext to search for that one man Villa would and must stir up trouble, would and must provoke war.

As a consequence the hostilities have begun. There are on both sides a considerable large number of dead and prisoners. The bloody mess is complete. Only the official declaration of war is necessary to crown the schemes of the politician, the speculations of the exploiter, and the pitiable submission of the people.

* * *

AS a witness before the Thompson Committee, banker Morgan testified that he pocketed a profit of $4,000,000 in a subway deal. It was only buying and selling bonds, the whole business being settled in one hour.

In the face of such a pleasant economic fact one should not be surprised that anybody who doubts the prosperity and liberty of this country is treated by the patriots for revenue as a traitor to the country and flag.

* * *

THE campaign for killing free press and free expression of thought, is carried on lively by the United States post office. After the suppression of "Revolt," of declaring "The Blast" "Alarm," "Regeneracion" as unmailable matter, the next victim has been "Volne Listy," the radical monthly magazine in the Bohemian language. The publishers of "Volne Listy" received the following communication from postmaster Morgan:

Office of the Postmaster

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
New York, N. Y.

June 15, 1916

Publishers of „Volne Listy",
217 East 66th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

In accordance with instructions from the solicitor for the Post Office Department, you are requested to submit a sworn

translation of everything contained in the June 15, 1916, issue of „Volne Listy" and send it to Room 224, Pennsylvania Terminal post office building, 31st Street and 8th Avenue, with two copies of that issue marked to show the translated matter.

Pending the receipt of the translations and instructions from the Department all copies of this issue found in the mails will be witheld from despatch and delivery.

In this connection you are informed that the issues of „Volne Listy" dated respectively, January 15, 1916, February 15, 1916, March 15, 1916, April 15, 1916 and May 15, 1916, contained certain articles which show their circulation in the mails is forbidden by the Act of March 4, 1911, amending section 211 of the Criminal Code. The Department therefore directs that these issues be treated as non-mailable matter and you are advised to see that no copies are deposited for mailing.

Very respectfully,
E. M. MORGAN, Postmaster
THOS. MURPHY, Assistant Postmaster

This document is certainly worth while reading. It shows in what an easy, offhand manner the postal censorship dismisses the fundamental principles of the Republic.

The "political guarantees," the Constitution, and the spirit of the Declaration of Independence—all brought down and laid low in a couple of sentences.

The demand that "Volne Listy" should furnish the authorities a translation of its whole contents is grotesque. In other censorship-ridden countries, the government at least engages and pays a translator. Besides, how can the government trust a vicious Anarchist or radical editor that he will not skip in his translation the most inciting and dangerous passages.

The comrades of "Volne Listy" are trying to keep the publication alive. To this we wish them good luck and success.

* * *

BIRTH CONTROL and Free Speech received a new impetus through the arrest of Ida Rauh Eastman and Bolton Hall. Both are charged with distributing Birth Control information. The trial of Ida Rauh Eastman is set for July 20th, while Bolton Hall's trial was postponed till October 9th.

The police and courts must be very anxious to spread the propaganda for Birth Control, since every new move on their side against more malefactors is liable to call

the attention of wider and wider circles to the matter. The results of this will certainly not favor the prosecutors. The demand for the removal of the unpopular mediaeval restrictions will become more general and finally pressing social need and common sense will prevail.

* * *

THIS world of ours is revolving very much up side down. The Brothers Magon have been declared guilty by a court in Los Angeles for trying to enlighten the Mexican and American people in regard to the real causes of the Revolution in Mexico.

At the same time high officials, politicians, and rich folks in the United States, who want war with Mexico, by which some rich people may grow richer but the poor still more miserable, are hailed as great patriots and benefactors of the country. To be sure some of them already see in their imagination the wonderful monument that will be erected to their name.

* * *

IN THE courts of Pittsburgh, plutocratic justice takes revenge for the Westinghouse strike. Eleven men have already been convicted on June 3rd for "rioting and inciting to riot." A second trial against more than a dozen men and women is now in progress. Fred Merrick, Anna Goldberg, 19 years, and Rudolph Bloom have stood before the bar and been found guilty.

From a circular this description of the situation is taken:

A desperate attempt is being made to railroad scores of innocent men to prison. When three strikers were killed in Braddock by the murderous deputies, on May 2, wholesale arrests immediately followed. No deputies were arrested, however; these were the sacred property of the Steel Trust. Scores of workingmen were arrested and thrown into jail, indicted and convicted, with startling rapidity.

Various charges were lodged against the strikers—rioting, inciting to riot, etc. But the most farcical of all was the charge of "accessory to murder." Analyzed, this means that since three strikers were killed by the deputies, the other strikers are guilty of the murder!

And on this flimsy pretext a great farce-tragedy is being staged. Ridiculous as the charge is, it contains terrible possibilities for these Pittsburgh workers, for the fight is plainly being urged on by the powerful Employers' Association. With the coroner, the district attorney, biased judges, and the entire legal

machinery in their control, they can send to jail men whose only offense is that they have been active in agitating for a shorter work-day.

Of course energetic protests and money are needed. Funds may be sent to Westinghouse Defense Committee, 205 Lyceum Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

ONE of the deplorable results of the preparedness craze, is the flag mania. Dozens of persons, lecturers, teachers, clerks, workingmen, even school boys are denounced, persecuted or sentenced by courts, like Bouck White and some of his followers, for alleged or real disrespect for the flag. The other day a principal of a Public School found it in keeping with his honor to denounce two teachers, who were suspected that they did not salute the flag. An able pedagogue would perhaps think that servility and hypocrisy were rampant enough far and wide in the country and that it really is not necessary to especially foster them and force them on the people.

The tyrant Gessler in Switzerland, several hundred years ago, tried to force people to salute his hat. William Tell did not submit, and was made prisoner. He escaped and shot Gessler to death.

In the schools the children are told that William Tell was a highly honoroable man and a hero.

If the persecutions in the wake of the flag mania keep on, the teacher will have to reverse his explanation, he will have to point out to the children that Gessler was the ideal man and Tell a common murderer.

* * *

OWING to the fact that our friend Ben L. Reitman was in complete charge of the Carnegie Hall Meetings and MOTHER EARTH Office, it has not been possible to obtain a correct account from him, as a result of which there was a mix-up in the last issue of our magazine. Ben will be free again July 6th. We will then prepare the accounts of all moneys received which will be published in full in our August issue. We ask our friends to be patient until then.

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BRUTAL REACTION IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WAR

IN ALL the belligerent countries reaction holds full sway. The few "liberties" are crushed by the mailed fist. Censorship suppresses the truth, the people being left groping in darkness about the real state of affairs. Treason trials against Dr. Liebknecht and other brave opponents of the war, machine guns against hunger revolts in Germany and Austria. France a graveyard for every free expression, and in England the government establishes a shameless inquisition into which clutches it throws intelligent, conscientious young men who refuse to be made a part of the military murder machine.

Our comrades Guy A. Aldred, editor of "The Spur," Henry Sara, Allen McDougall, and many others are dragged in England from barrack to prison and from prison to barrack for the purpose to force them into military service under the conscription law. They have resisted heroically barbaric treatment, amounting practically to torture. Many of the anti-militaristic resisters have been subject to very rough handling. They have been rudely scoffed at, punched, and beaten. But still they did not show a spark of patriotic enthusiasm for slaughtering fellow beings on command. Aldred and Sara may have faced court martial by this time.

* * *

From last issue of "Freedom," London, we learn that the anti-militaristic propaganda it carried on has aroused the wrath of the authorities. The office of "Freedom" has been raided. Comrade Keel, the editor, tells in the June issue how it happened:

"The raid on our office on May 5, arranged by the "competent military authority" for the London district, was carried out with great success. Though not such a brilliant military operation as the retreat from Mons, or the retreat from Antwerp, or the retreat from Gallipoli, or the retreat from Servia, or the retreat from Bagdad, yet as a minor military operation it will take its place amongst the glorious victories achieved at the offices of *Forward*, the *Worker*, the *Globe*, and the *Labour Leader*, not forgetting Liberty Hall, Dublin."

"Following a reconnaissance by two warriors from Scotland Yard a few days previously, a party of five detectives swooped down on our office and took charge of the place for about two

hours. No warrant was produced, the sergeant in charge saying none was necessary, as he was authorized to search the place by Sir Francis Lloyd, the competent military authority, under Section 51 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations. They immediately set to work and packed up about 10,000 books and pamphlets, many leaflets, copies of FREEDOM and VOICE OF LABOUR, correspondence, ledgers, address books, MS. articles, proofs, daily papers, weekly papers, etc. No discrimination was shown; books which can be purchased at any bookshop —"Mutual Aid," "Conquest of Bread," "Fields, Factories, and Workshops"—were tied up and bundled into the van with the other things. They also seized all standing type, some cases of type, and a few packets of steroes. Fortunately, a form containing four pages of FREEDOM was not in the office at the time and was thus saved from the raiders. Everything seized was taken to Scotland Yard."

"Freedom" and "Voice of Labor" will continue to appear. Of course they more than ever need energetic support from comrades and sympathizers.

* * *

A friend of MOTHER EARTH sends the following:

One by one the "liberties" of the British worker are being taken from him in the name of military necessity, as the following extract from the "Scotsman" of April 14, will show:

"Fines amounting in the aggregate to two hundred and thirty pounds were imposed at a General Munitions Tribunal in the County Buildings, Glasgow, yesterday, where prosecutions were conducted at the instance of the Minister of Munitions against sixty of the men involved in the recent strike of munition workers on the Clyde. The charges bore that the men had gone on strike on March 17 and continued on strike till various dates in the first week of April. In all, 35 men were fined. The majority pleaded guilty, and the practice of the tribunal was that when men admitted the offence a fine of five pounds was imposed, but where, as happened in three cases, the strikers not only denied the charge, but persisted that the strike was justifiable, fines of twenty to twenty-five pounds were inflicted, all fines to be paid out of wages at the rate of one pound per week."

According to "the practice of the tribunal" it would seem to be five times more heinous to "persist" in holding an opinion than to commit the offense itself. Transvaluation of values with a vengeance! The defenders of authority would have the world believe that this condition of affairs is but temporary, induced by stress of circumstance, and that when the altruistic Briton, battling for "the freedom of the Belgians," and the kultured Teuton,

fighting for the "freedom of the seas," have composed their differences, the abrogated rights of the workers will automatically be resumed. How absurd this claim, and how difficult the task of winning back relinquished liberties, even the hysterical advocates of militarism will see.

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MR. BOLTON HALL'S CASE

BOLTON HALL'S trial for distributing Birth Control literature was adjourned to October 9th, by consent of the District Attorney. It is admitted that the literature is decent and necessary. The meeting was held May 20th; the warrant on which Mr. Hall was arrested was dated three days afterwards, and was not served till June 6th. It is usual to summon well known persons instead of arresting them; but the warrant was made out against "John Hall." The psychology of all this is as yet unknown: the case did not originate in the District Attorney's office.

All those who saw and are able to testify that Mr. Hall did not distribute any literature at the meeting are requested to communicate with him.

Mr. Hall thinks that Birth Control means increased efficiency and would probably lower wages instead of raising them. In most countries where it is prevalent it does not check the increase of population. Instead of a dozen births, of which maybe two fairly healthy children survive, it would probably result in perhaps four births of which three would live. Of course sickness and expense would be lowered, but that simply means that the worker can live cheaper and so can afford to work for less wages. Under present conditions where there are more workers than jobs to increase either the members or the efficiency of workers will lower wages.

Mr. Hall gave the following statement to the reporters:

"It seems to me to be a mistake for advocates of any reform to mix up their case with law breaking or with any other issue. This is specially so for a lawyer, whose business it is so to administer or to alter the law as to promote justice and social well-being. The issue of free speech and free dissemination of knowledge is a clear cut one: it is this that interests me.

"Spectacular action arouses attention, but it also arouses prejudice. The right of people to instruction that is necessary to preserve their health, their morals, their children and often their lives is plain and appeals to the reason and to the hearts of every one.

"The doctor will supply this information to the well to do: the law prevents the poor from getting it.

"For these reasons, I did preside at the Union Square Meeting in protest against Dr. Reitman's sentence: and for the same reasons I did not distribute any literature on the subject of Birth Control.

"Further, I do not believe any mechanical methods of Birth Control are so certain as to make it wise to distribute them generally to uninstructed or careless persons. Others differ with me in these views and sincerely and courageously act accordingly.

"The Courts seem to take the view that their 'business is to enforce the law.' I think the business of the Courts is so to administer the law as to promote order and social well-being. But while the Courts advocate simple force, it can hardly be surprising that the victims of law sometimes meet it with force."

"THE GREAT AMERICAN SCAPEGOAT"

BY C. E. S. WOOD

(Delayed)

MOTHER EARTH is ten years old—that is what is commonly called Emma Goldman's magazine is ten years old. Our Mother the earth is older.—Billions of years. How dreadfully slow nature is. I wonder how long it took us to shed our tails, or even so simple a thing as changing a hand into a foot? Ages and ages and ages and no eight hour law either. And nearly as slow to change our ideas. Two thousand years of Christianity and preaching of Peace and here is just about as pretty a universal slaughter as the world ever saw: Instead of it being a struggle for self-preservation as in the primitive combats, this is for the preservation of the property controlling masters that they may decide which of them is to exploit the world. God! What ages of slavery in one form or another the world has seen and the peoples not yet acquainted with Freedom. But it is beginning. Governments are putting people in jail who talk of abolishing "government by force". . That is a hopeful sign. Before the sun grows cold however, the masses, the toiling masses may yet really grasp the idea of Freedom and their power to give it to the world. We must not be impatient. Remember the billions of years it took us to drop our tails.

Sometimes instead of being impatient with the dull masses at their slowness in grasping an idea, I marvel

that an idea ever penetrated their dark morass, even in ten thousand years. They open their eyes upon conditions which for all they know have been eternal. They are told by priests, judges, governors, and parents that such is the will of god. Terrified by this god, the ally of the State and of injustice they are bred in poverty and ignorance barely snatching a starving living and a few hours sleep between sun and sun. They are fed on lies, lies, lies. By newspapers, churches, schools. Every saying of truth is shut out. Every breath of life is poisoned. Only the life instinct saves them when they can starve no further, they rebel and gain the millionth of an inch with which for the time they are satisfied and bless god and their masters for their kindness. No, I wonder not that the toilers are so stupid as not to see if they united as one man they could reform the world and have enough. I only wonder that with such a stupid mass constantly renewing itself in squalor and stupidity we have progressed at all.

MOTHER EARTH has for ten years been one of the gadflies stinging this mammoth. MOTHER EARTH has been a little limp of bacteria starting a ferment in the dull dead mass. MOTHER EARTH has stood for individualism against machine made minds—for Freedom against Government, force, for justice against made to order verdicts in made to order courts. Its editors have like Socrates, Christ, John Brown and John Bunyan been acquainted with jails. It has scoffed at written constitutions as delusions unless written on the hearts of an understanding people. It has said thought has always been free, no man can chain thought but Free Speech never yet has been. The written constitutions declaring Speech shall be free are torn to tatters by subterfuges of the State and if a man would speak he must first see the Chief of Police. If he would print he must reckon with the Post Office Department and the Censor. There is no freedom. MOTHER EARTH has said: Love has always been free. No man can chain Love. But the expression of love is controlled by the State which is the instrument to execute the Superstitions of the Church. License clerks, priests and divorce courts paw with filthy hands over the most sacred relations of man and woman.

This under pretext that the family is the foundation of the State. Much the State cares for the starving families of the poor. The marriage idolators whine over "the children," much they care for the miserable children of the poor. People are free to go to hell in holy matrimony, but not free to find heaven out of it. Every strike is a feeble effort toward freedom as they see it by the oppressed. Every strike involves a contest between the enslaved and the masters; with the State on the side of the masters. MOTHER EARTH has been a solicitor for aid for the victims at Chicago, New York, Lawrence, Paterson, Calumet, Ludlow and for Giovanitti and Ettor, Quinlan, Lawson, the McNamaras. Schmidt, Caplan, Becky Edelson, Margaret Sanger and the army of the oppressed. MOTHER EARTH has written, spoken, begged, threatened and gone to jail for Freedom. Freedom everywhere and at all times. Constantly courageously and in poverty. No person so insignificant, no cause so seemingly local, no cry so feeble but Little MOTHER EARTH has thrown its whole soul into the fight. Could MOTHER EARTH be as rich as Morgan or even Rockefeller or Hearst and could Emma Goldman live for a million years, I really believe the workers might come away from the smug complacency of Labor Politicians and the pathetic ignorance of the dinner bucket brigade and demand in one voice, Freedom.

And just now as I write I hear Emma Goldman has been arrested for daring to tell the laboring women how to have fewer idiots and scrawny degenerates. The well-to-do classes know already. The family physician takes care of that. But the well-to-do classes do not feed the mills, the mines, the factories with their brats. Emma Goldman threatens to cut off the supply of raw material in the labor market. No wonder the State, ever the instrument of the masters is aroused over the purity of the home. Not the rich home, that can take care of itself, but the poor home, the home that breeds laborers.

My advice to the various sovereign States and wealthy cities is to fit up a permanent room in every jail, fit it up well with books and writing material and call it the Emma Goldman Room. If the State won't do it, her friends

should. She will need it. Hang a life size photograph of Emma Goldman in each room and under it:

"The Policeman's Friend"
"The Great American Scapegoat."

THE ECHO FROM ERIN

By W. S. Van Valkenburgh

BY LIBERTARIANS of all nationalities scant sympathy is likely to be conferred on any attempt to change the form of coercion from a foreign to a home government, it being the contention of the Anarchist that a subject people are none the less fettered under a democratic than under a despotic rulership.

Yet the recent Dublin uprising cannot but be commended in that the ostensible purpose was the overthrow of at once the most cowardly and treacherous government that besmears the annals of the deeds of men.

Many are the corollaries that may be drawn from the latest event of Britain's bloody career. The heartlessness of the Government's hasty reprisal is indicative of its sincerity in the stand that small nations must be guaranteed their freedom. But it is also in keeping with the established barbarity of the British Empire when the odds are on the English side, though supinely humanitarian when faced by an opponent on equal footing—but when has England ever met an enemy on terms of equality? When has she ever kept a treaty or promise that it pleased her to break and she dared to break?

Faith! Faith in the sense of loyalty and honesty is an unknown characteristic of English rule.

Any nation under whose dominion the population of a colonial possession is reduced by half in much less than a century, as has been the case in Ireland, has something palpably wrong in its system. Moreover; an enslaved people like the Irish, and in fact the people of all countries, are by nature bound, sooner or later to destroy that desolating hand of tyranny.

Any methods are justifiable to this end.

The degree of justification, however, depends upon the measure of success achieved. Determined by this standard, the Dublin affair was a bad mess, though it portrayed one singular feature that seldom obtains in the

aftermath of an overt act to gain liberty by being entirely free from betrayal within its own ranks. Every member of the Sinn Fein who was brought under arrest took his medicine stoically and fearlessly. This in itself was the more remarkable because it cannot be said that it was a popular revolt. Still, those who were in accord with its purpose were loyal beyond intimidation.

It is much to be regretted that Ireland is not united, for in such an event there is small likelihood that the affair would have turned out so disastrously. The division is a serious obstacle to the freedom of Ireland from the iron heel of Britain, and it is a dissention that the Government carefully fosters and cherished, else why should the Ulsterman Carson be in Parliament instead of having swung in the Tower for his own part in the physical force preparation but a short time back?

England's policy in Ireland is, and always has been, that of extermination. One does not have to go far back to the days of the infamous "Crowbar Brigade" or the still more recent wholesale exodus under the venerated old Victorian harlot.

There is but one difference between the murderous rule of Britain in India and Britain in Ireland in which the people of the latter country have a slight advantage, and that is the question of race. Outside of Ireland, his native land, the Irishman at least has a chance to live with other men. But with the Indian even this is denied him. As an educated Hindu once remarked: "The Indian may emigrate, but he must emigrate perpendicularly, for there is no room and no right for his horizontal expansion on this globe." And so it is. England's work in India is utter annihilation through manufactured famine and military slaughter.

In the words of Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons, Britannia's methods the world over were aptly portrayed when he said of Irishmen who cherished the idea to be free that "it would be the duty of Englishmen to stamp upon them as if they were a nest of vipers."

The crown of thorns on Ireland's brow is the curse of the church. So long as the Protestants of the north and the Catholics of the south nourish this cancer of bigotry, they will continue to witness their betrayal by their own respective Carsons and Redmonds who have now joined

hands in their treason to the Irish people. A recognition of the sham of religion as represented by any church must precede any successful attempt to free the sod of Erin from an alien rule of foreign barbarians who use Parliament as a cloak for their crimes.

Perhaps by the time that this state of mental progress is reached the people will have learned that there are better ways and more practical methods of escaping the tyrant in the institution of the state than internecine warfare against insurmountable odds through the vehicle of education.

The Dublin revolt is destined to go down in history as a glorious demonstration of what a determined minority are capable of doing; yet it is merely additional evidence that the instituion cannot be destroyed by substitution, even though the uprising be successful.

It must be undermined, this government idea; and the only effective weapon for digging beneath its foundation is by the intelligent application of knowledge against blind force. The Sinn Feiners did not realize this, nor do most other people, radicals included; but the day is coming when it must be recognized and acted upon.

And yet withal, the sincerity of the Irish rebels should act as a beacon light to the lovers of freedom. Their fruitless sacrifices should give courage and stimulation to the pursuit of more efficient means of casting off tyrannical authority at the cheapest possible price to the people.

SITUATION IN ENGLAND

By Tom. Mann

IT must be difficult for Americans to realize the tasks devolving upon the workers of Britain at the present time. They are probably aware that the additional work in this country made necessary by the war, is considerable, and when it is realized that the total population is only 46,000,000, and of these there are only six millions of men of military age, and that more than five and a half millions have already enlisted, attested, or been called up, it will be seen the work to be done by those remaining at work is out of the ordinary. On top of this, two and a half millions of workers, including

women, are at work on munitions, which gives a total, devoted to war at the present hour, of eight millions of workers; and still the streets of industry go round and are kept going pretty evenly. The stupendous capacity of the people is indeed marvellous, and when Sanity shall prevail, and this horrible slaughter of humans, and waste of human efforts cease, and when the available energy is directed for human general well being, what a glorious time there will be!

I am amongst those who absolutely refuse to be downcast by the unique experience we are now going through. I am gloriously sanguine we are about to enter upon a worthier stage. It is a matter of increasing wonderment to me, as I engage in conversation with men home for a few days from the war—generally not more than five days leave including travelling both ways—to find such a large percentage taking a sensible levelheaded view of the whole situation.

Many of us feared that practically all who by force of circumstances are "on active service" that they would exhibit the baser qualities and return to the hoggishness of capitalistic platitudes. I have talked with many and I rejoice to say it is not so.

There are many closely observant of affairs, and as soon as there is evidence of a disposition on the part of German comrades in particular, to resolve to stop the cursed war, they will find as much heartiness and determination here to join forces for the end.

It is at this hour utterly useless to attempt anything in the way of making overtures; bloody as the battles have been and now are, the struggle at Verdun is still raging fiercely and it has been on continuously for four months —there are bloodier yet to go through; many thousands of miles of trenches and many hundreds of miles of mining operations are full of human and chemical energy to create the greatest possible destruction in the shortest time. But even yet it has not reached the stage when the internal conditions of either country have been subjected to the strain that compels action deep, effective and lasting. This being so, no available human force can effectively interpose; there is nothing to gain by taking up an attitude that can achieve nothing but which runs a

big risk of one getting thrust aside and made incapable of use in the future.

The several men I have the opportunity of mingling with are not worrying as to how many more weeks or months the war will continue; but they are deeply concerned as to whether the workers of this country will have the sense, courage and capacity to prove equal to requirements when the end is at hand.

In Britain it is brought home very close to all of us; Zeppelin raids are no picnics; the darkened streets, the women car conductors and amazons of all occupations; the liquor Control Boards and the prices of foodstuffs make it increasingly easy to realize there is a war on, but many of us will live through this to continue our part in that greater Social Revolution that will facilitate the crowning triumph of reason.

THROUGH THE BARS

WHEN this issue reaches our readers, Ben L. Reitman will again be a free man. His time in Queen's County Jail expires July 6th. He will, no doubt, have something to say in our August issue about his two months "Vacation," but as one never writes quite the same when out of jail as one does in that "blessed" atmosphere, the excerpts from Ben's prison letters will prove interesting reading, and show our Ben at his rebel best. E. G.

After the sentence an appeal was suggested to Ben. This is what he wrote before he was taken to Blackwell's Island:

"I want no appeal. Let others ask for that. I as an Anarchist want to remain true to myself and to my ideal.

"It is also funny and so wonderful to me. I feel humble that I am permitted to be a part in the great work. I have no regrets. We have shown them how to work, how to have big meetings, and how to face the music. Now let us show how to go on with our work even when I am in jail."

* * *

Blackwell's Island, May 10th.

I have had my first full day here. I was put into the coal gang. I am a coal shoveler. It is nice hard work, out in the open. I am in a cell with seven other prisoners. I have not yet found an idea in the place. I'm just one of eight hundred outcasts. The beds are awful. Had six prunes for supper, but I should worry.

After a few days Ben was transferred to the Queen's County Jail where he is now serving the rest of his sentence.

Queen's County Jail, May 16th.

One week has rolled by. It is like a dream. The days have not been long. I'm still full of cheer. The glamour of the prison has faded and all the cruel realities of law, punishment and the horror of the system make me feel that I must do something for "all the souls in pain" when I come out.

I don't get enough to eat. Last night I woke up hungry, but I had a sandwich on dry bread and succeeded in fooling my stomach.

* * *

"Happy Cell," May 17th.

It was raining all day. We worked only a little while. There is a dog in the yard, a most playful fellow, named Jack. If I were Lee Smits,* I'd write a story about him.

All is well with my soul. I am cheerful. I received the Russian books. Please don't send me any Russian literature. I see enough gloom here. A man is locked up. He casts a damper over all of us. It is cruel to punish a man in prison, just for discipline. Oh, for a piece of pie.

* * *

**May 14th.

Passed and forgotten.—Who remembers San Diego!

* * *

May 20th.

I am as excited about the Birth Control demonstration on Union Square as if I were there myself. Oh, I know we will win. I wish I were as sure of the solidarity of labor as I am of the triumph of the Birth Control campaign.

I feel fine. We had half holiday, I washed my family wash. You ought to see my cell, it's decorated with postal cards and I just laid my carpet.

I was out in the yard to-day. The girls were out. The matrons watch them closely and bully them; not so the keepers. They let men do as they please. For real brutality we need women.

* * *

Sunday, May 21.

I am so happy about the outcome of the Union Square meeting. If there are going to be consequences, the better.

The lady-bug did not bother me. I fell asleep at 7 P. M., and woke up at 4 in the morning. Two weeks ago they locked me up. I wonder if the District Attorney and the Judges really thought they would stop the Birth Control agitation. I am still happy and my heart is pure.

---

*A newspaper man and a friend of Ben.

**The day when Ben was kidnapped and tortured in San Diego.

"Happy Cell," May 29th.

We worked hard all morning. I did not realize how flabby my muscles were getting. I needed a course in real labor. I get a lot of letters. This being sorry for me and calling me brave gives me a pain. Why, I'm lucky. Jesus, to get into jail for such a real cause is a blessing. "All things work together for the good of those who love the Lord." I hope I don't tire you with my "Christ-like" spirit.

In a free society I shall be popular. I love work. Don't worry about me. I am getting enough food and am on damn good terms with myself. I tell you it is a joy and privilege to be in jail for having helped even in the smallest way in the great work.

* * *

June 10th.

Somewhere in the world the sun is creeping up, a gray and unpleasant sky is overhead. The birds in the corridor sing joyously, not for joy but for life. Four days I have not been out. Would you think I have been idle or gloomy? Not at all.

I wish you could have stood outside our tier last night. Bouck White has been teaching us songs and prayers. If you could hear the Irishman Casey, who is in for booze, and Sammy the dope and the pimp, repeat after White, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." Really it was wonderful.

I have a circulating library. My books are popular. The Russian books are liked by all the prisoners. Renan's "Life of Christ" is making a hit and Berkman's book is very popular.

I am furnishing almost the entire jail with stamps and stationery. My cell is always crowded with my cell mates. The lack of ambition and creative vision bothered me; I have so much time and yet I cannot write, but please do not worry about me. When I think of the love and devotion I get, when I see myself crowded with everything I need, I feel ashamed that I even complain. This experience is wonderful and so needed.

There are many here who have no friends or anything. Their lives are so barren. The rain showed me my littleness, my dependence upon air and life and work. Oh, blessed toil! But jail is jail and iron bars are hard and cold. To daily look at the "Fool and Fraud and Knave" grows tiresome; to always eat and never dine, to see women only from the distance, to never be able to express yourself in writing for the fear of the "Eyes of the Jail"; to never be able to expand the iron wall that limits your walking, and also limits your intelligence and vision; to lie in bed and dream and see the keeper flash the light in your face every hour, to see whether you are in bed and not hanging from the wall.

Yes, jail is jail.

Please don't let anyone praise me and make a martyr of me. Let me do that myself. I can do it so well.

THE MEETING IN CLEVELAND

ON JUNE 3rd, in Moose Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, about six hundred people greeted Emma Goldman, as she came in the entrance door, with applause, which continued as she was ushered to the platform, and not until the Chairman, Mr. Fred Schulter, called the meeting to order did it cease, and then Miss Goldman was compelled to wait until even a louder and more prolonged demonstration was given before she was enabled to deliver her lecture "Free or Forced Motherhood." It was one of the largest, if not the largest meeting Miss Goldman has ever addressed in Cleveland; all of her old friends were present and to our great delight, many new ones. She was in an unusually enthusiastic mood, and gave us a delightful talk on the subject of Birth Control. Slips were passed out asking for co-operation in the new Birth Control League being formed in this city, and from the fact that over 300 were turned in, we are inclined to believe the progressive thinkers here intend to do their share toward doing away with a law that is unfair, unjust, and antiquated. The usual program of allowing the audience to ask questions after the lecture was followed, which gave Miss Goldman an opportunity of explaining any matters that might be in doubt, which feature is always enjoyed by the audience. A great amount of literature was disposed of, and particularly books on the subject were greedily purchased by the audience in their desire to know more about it. After the meeting a large party of us adjourned to "Weber's,, and with Miss Goldman at the head of the table with her usual repartee, together with war stories told by Robert Minor of New York City, who has just returned from abroad as war correspondent for the New York "Call," contributed to an extremely pleasant evening. Sunday evening, Royal Hall was crowded to the doors with another enthusiastic audience to listen to Miss Goldman speak in Yiddish on the same subject—Birth Control. It was the largest Jewish meeting ever held here and the speaker was loudly greeted with welcome by over 400 people. Literature was sold in both Jewish and English, slips were distributed at this meeting, adding over 100 more names who wish to promote the work, and information leaflets on Birth Con-

trol, giving methods, were distributed. It was with regret the comrades were compelled to take Miss Goldman to a late train bound for Denver, but her praise of our work here paid us for it, and she felt her meetings here had been great successes.

R. G.

EMMA GOLDMAN IN DENVER

BY ELLEN A. KENNAN

EMMA GOLDMAN has been with us again for only one evening, to be sure—but it was a great evening! She was surely the inspired prophetess! She poured her soul forth in burning words. Her audience caught the fire. For more than an hour her hearers, fully half of them standing, (for every inch of standing room was taken) listened with utmost attention to her words. All kinds of people were in the audience, teachers, physicians, lawyers, nurses, club-women, all eager to hear, all interested enough to stay till the end, even though they were standing.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey presided. He paid a fine tribute to the life and work of the speaker and expressed his own firm belief in the movement for Birth Control.

We missed Dr. Reitman who is now paying for his efforts in behalf of Birth Control, by serving a term of sixty days in Queen's County Jail. We realize however that his tireless efforts for many years past contributed largely to the success of our meeting. He truly prepared the way.

Prison and persecution seem to recreate Emma Goldman physically and spiritually. She is aglow with the energy and fire of youth, she has all the wisdom of maturity.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

A POET'S TRAGIC FATE

LAST Christmas there died at the New York State Insane Asylum a sick man, 42 years of age, who had been an inmate of that institution for 17 years. His name was Joseph Bovshever, a son of the Jewish people, born 1873, in the Russian province Mohileff.

He came as a young man to these shores, endured great misery, lived most of the time near the verge of starvation and could not adapt himself to conditions. He was a poet, a real poet. Worse than that, a revolutionary poet, who was conscious of the fact. It seems that he never even tried "to make a decent living," knowing from the beginning that Pegasus would not consent to be hitched to a delivery wagon.

Joseph Bovshever wrote poetry in Jewish and translated from Shakespeare, from Walt Whitman, planning also a translation of Goethe's "Faust." A volume of his poems in the Jewish language has been published by the "Freie Arbeiter Stimme," New York.

In a short time he acquired the English language to such an extent that he could express himself in that tongue. Under the *nom de plume* "Basil Dahl" he became a contributor to "Liberty," the Individualist Anarchist monthly, published and edited by Benjamin R. Tucker. In the issue of "Liberty" dated March 7, 1896, Basil Dahl was heralded by Tucker as a young poetical genius from whom great things might be expected. Tucker wrote an appreciation of the poet, which we take the liberty to reproduce for this occasion.

A Remarkable Young Poet

BY BENJAMIN R. TUCKER

A FEW weeks ago a young man called at this office in search of literary employment. He was a Russian,—of not more than twenty-five years, I should think; perhaps not more than twenty-two,—with delicate, refined features, a dreamy expression and a soft voice,—in fact, a typical Slav of the finer sort. He was profoundly convinced that he had literary talents of a high order, and his chief desire was to develop them. He was so constituted, he said, that he could not work at any-

thing else, and even in the literary line he seemed unwilling to do work not in strict accord with his tastes. I found that an opportunity of translation in a newspaper office was open to him, and that he refused to avail himself of it, because the matters to be translated did not suit his views and ideals, although the work was light and at least remunerative enough to keep him from going hungry. The young man's sincerity impressed me, but his willingness to appeal to strangers for aid in getting employment rather than take the (to him) somewhat unpleasant work that lay within his grasp made me a little impatient with him. Whereupon I ventured to remind him that we are all residents, not of dreamland, but of a work-a-day world, and said that it seemed to me good policy to devote a share of one's time to drudgery if thereby one could gain the means of devoting the rest of it to the satisfaction of desire. In short, I gave him advice which was as near an approach to a lecture as the rules of good behavior would warrant in a case of so short acquaintance. For myself I could give him no employment, nor did I know at all how much confidence I could place in his own high estimate of his literary talent, as he had no specimens of his work to show me. But I gave him a letter to a friend, hoping that it might in some way help him, and it resulted in an offer of employment, which again was not to his liking, and which he rejected,—in this instance wisely, I think, for the duties of the post were of a commercial nature, for which the young man would probably have proved unfit.

For some weeks I heard nothing of him, but the other day he called at this office in my absence, and left for my examination several specimens of his verse. After reading them I was filled with astonishment and joy, for I was convinced that a new and great poet had discovered himself to me. Though some of his work was inferior to the rest and much of it bore marks of crudity, all of it was indicative of genius; and it now seems to me that the poem which I print in another column, if we remember that its author is a youth who two years ago knew not a word of the English language, is nothing less than a wonderful performance. I feel chagrined that I did

not perceive the young man's power at my first interview with him. And now I am inclined to say to him, as Emerson said to Whitman: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Tell me, Gordak, Lloyd, Traubel, and all you other libertarian poets, who know more about poetry than I do, am I mistaken in thinking that I discern in the firmament a new star, perhaps of the first magnitude? Is my telescope a liar? Am I too enthusiastic over this young man? Is not this poem, "To the Toilers," a really majestic utterance? Does it not constitute a really noble début in the history of American letters? So at any rate it seems to me. And I am correspondingly proud that it is my privilege to be the first to print an English poem from the pen of Basil Dahl.

* * *

Alas, soon the future grew dark, all hopes became blighted, insanity and night closed in upon him till the tragedy found its end in death.

The three poems below are selected from the poems Basil Dahl wrote for "Liberty" from March, 1896, till March, 1897.

* * *

TO THE TOILERS

I hate your superstition, workingmen
I loathe your blindness and stupidity.
Your pointed quips have never made me laugh;
Your senseless chat is wearisome to me.
Your shallow joy is not the joy I like,
But when I contemplate your ceaseless toil,
Your quiet activity and sunless life,
Your works of splendor and gigantic strength,
I bow my head in reverence to you.
The cliffs are mighty in the wilderness;
The woods are terrible when shook by storm;
The streams are awful in their hasty course;
But cliffs, and woods, and streams, all disappear,
When touched by your inconquerable hands.
Were you as wise as you are powerful,
You would be happy, great, and reverend.

You take much pride in your humanity,
And think you are the Maker's masterpiece.
But know you what it is to be a man?

The eagle builds a nest as well as you;
The playful bird seeks food as well as you;
The feeble fly doth breed as well as you;
The ant is diligent as well as you;
Whereof consists your high humanity?
Have you but once desired to comprehend
The peerless grandeur of the universe?
Have you essayed to look into your thoughts,
To know the secret motives of your deeds?
Love you the noble and the beautiful?
Love you the pure and natural in life?
Love you to live in liberty and peace?
Say, is your friendship true, your love unstained?
If not, what are you then? what are you then?

You live and know not what existence is;
You die, and know not what the grave entombs
You trust, and know not what your faith implies;
You hope, and know not what it is to hope.
If you would know the mysteries of life,
And know the secrets of the dismal grave;
If you would know the meaning of your faith,
And also know the sequel of your hope,—
You would not then abide in wretchedness,
And not be dead not having lived before;
You would not then believe in wind and dust,
Or ever hope for that which cannot be!
Your wrinkled faces would be fresh with health,
And bright with joy your nigh extinguished eyes;
Your weary hands would be as strong as steel,
And swifter than a stag's your strengthless feet.
Your hearts would feel, but never sigh with grief;
Your heads would think, but never ache with care;
Your lips would speak, but never reek with fume.
Each word of yours would be a pleasant sound,
And you—a spring upon the bounteous earth.

You sit oppressed in cities great and rich;
You pine in houses tall as gloomy forts.
Are you afraid to let the breezes in,
The mild refreshing breezes of the fields,
Lest they undo you like a savage host?

Are you so fond of noise and narrowness,
Of gloom, and smoke, and dirt, and misery,
That life without them would be naught to you?
Destroy the prisons that confine your breath,
Leave all your gloom behind you, all your noise,
And turn to nature's flowery lap again.
Spread o'er the beauteous green earth in throngs,
And build new cities, beautiful and small.
Erect new houses, spacious, neat, and snug,
With carvings rare adorned and gables quaint.
The rocks will furnish you with stone enough,
The woods will furnish you with wood enough,
The pits will furnish you with clay enough,
And you have strength and skill and sense enough.
Allow the crystal sky to spread undimmed,
The clement sun to shine unhindered.
Let birds awake you with a joyous air,
And fragrant breezes lull you into sleep.
And let your streets resound with joy and mirth,
With sounds of cymbals, mandolins, and flutes!
Expand your life and make it free and full;
Create yourselves anew in health and strength.
The aged people vigorous, like oaks;
The children lusty, beautiful, and good;
The blooming youths as stately cedars hale,
Endowed with beauty as the god of light,
And full of glee and life as life itself.
The maidens' faces sweet and roseate,
The eyes effulgent with desire and love,
The breath voluptuous and redolent,
The laughter thrilling, loud, and musical;
What joy it were to see you thus transformed!

* * *

TO THE LAGGARDS

I'll wake you and shake you
Until you arise;
I'll prick you and kick you
Until you despise
The hunch and the paunch
And the tattered disguise
Of the weak and the sleek
And the coiners of lies.

I'll lash you and thrash you
With eloquent thongs;
I'll ring you and ding you
With resonant gongs
Until with a will
You throw off the weeds
Of the fled and the dead
For the now living creeds.

* * *

I.

Conditions would crush me,
Dull dunces would hush me,
If I were not I.
The world would enchain me,
Each fool would restrain me,
If I were not I.

Dear friends would ignore me
And blockheads would bore me
Until I should die;
But I know the rabble,
Their rant and their gabble,
And I am still I.

With punishments gloomy
They'd strive to undo me,
Because I am I.
I test them and try them
Then scorn and defy them,
For I must be I.

I cherish and love thee,
Think nothing above thee,
O glorious I!
Let others despise thee,
I honor and prize thee,
O infinite I!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

L. A. Co. Jail, June 1st, 1916.

DEAR Comrade,
Emma Goldman

I have at hand your esteemed favor from May 26th last.

My brother is here with me now, again, on account of our trial that is already going on, and the detectives do not want to have the trouble of going for him to the Hospital and to take him back every day. They rather have him at hand, although his medical treatment be stopped. What do they care: they think their time more valuable than the welfare of a mere prisoner.

The trial began yesterday, May 31st, after a vigorous technical battle to have our indictment squashed. Our lawyers put up a good fight (good from the legal standpoint only) trying to convince Judge Trippet of the illegality of the indictment, and although they showed its illegality, the Court overruled our motion. Then the picking of the jurymen began. It took the whole afternoon. We were not too particular. What was the use of it? We know we are in their power; we know there is not justice; we know from our past experiences that they can railroad us whenever they please; therefore what is the use of being too particular about whom we shall allow to earn his thirty pieces of silver.

If it were not that we see in this trial a fine chance to come openly amidst our enemies to defend our beloved Ideals as Anarchist Communists, we should have not allowed ourselves to go through all these empty legal proceedings. We would have asked for our sentence right from the beginning.

As we expected the case has taken a good turn. The Marshall this afternoon said on the witness stand that we "confessed" to him the day of our arrest, that we are Anarchists, and as such always got into trouble, are now in trouble and expected to be in trouble as long as we live, for we do not intend to quit in the remaining days of our lives. This statement is true; I told him that the day we were arrested, with the hope that he would testify to it at our trial and thus give us an opportunity to defend our ideas in open Court, although it be against their taste and although they are anxious to avoid it, they fell into the trap. The "horrible" word *Anarchist* was sounded in open Court, and now they will be forced to have a good indigestion of the Anarchist theories.

We are going to be railroaded for five years (five long years away from our dear work and from our beloved ones). We do not know if we shall ever come back alive;

for our health is broken, but before we go, by golly! we shall have the pleasure to hoist the Red Flag of Anarchism in open capitalist Court and to fasten it on the witness stand.

The battle is on, my dear Emma. Let us hope that it will be of some benefit to the propaganda.

We were informed by Maria Magon of the $50.00 you sent her last fortnight. That money came when we were confronted with the dilemma of throwing our whole issue of May 13th on the scrap heap for lack of money for stamps and express charges, or to use any funds that we could get hold of. That issue was refused by the postal authorities for they had already taken away the second-class privilege from "Regeneracion." As "Regeneracion" is the only Spanish organ we have for our propaganda, and for our defense and as the $50.00 are for our defense, we told our comrades in the office to take that money for the transportation of that issue of May 13th, with the understanding that we should ask your consent as I am doing now.

E. F. MAGON.

Shortly before going to press word reaches us from Los Angeles that Ricardo Flores Magon was sentenced to 1 year and 1 day in prison and $1,000 fine. The extra 1 day deprives him of the 2 month's "good time." Ingenious cruelty! Enrique got a sentence of 3 years and $1,000 fine.

* * *

THE MIGHTY POLICE CONSTABLE IN INDIA

By RAM CHANDRA

MR. RAPKINS was a very good and kind hearted man. Though a commissioner of the Rohilkhand division, he was very simple in his habits and fond of talking familiarly to the villagers when on tour. In one of his tours he got hold of the Lambardar Musa Khan of Bhuppur and began to talk with him in Hindustani on all sort of subjects. Musa Khan was also a man of the old type, who had seen something of the Sikh reign, and was not therefore afraid of Europeans, as was his modern successor. He was telling Mr. Rapkin's stories of the Sikh time, when suddenly he exclaimed: "O Kamishnar Sahib, there was nothing like the police

in the Sikh time. It is an ingenious invention of the mighty English to invest a humble constable with the power of a prince. You are a big Sahib, even bigger than the Zille Sahib but in the village nobody thinks you bigger than the Sher Singh constable who occasionally pays us a ceremonial visit from the Bishangarh Thana. When he comes the best fowl must be brought for his meals—with butter and rice and sugar in addition. The milk for his use is carefully prepared so that no cream on the top is disturbed. The village barber must punctually attend and shampoo his feet. O! he is a mighty man, that Sher Aingh! Nobody dares say 'nay' when he says 'yes.' I shall tell you a story of Sahib, of his power and influence, which happened a few months ago:

"Ghasita was a man humbly born and humbly brought up in our village. He possessed a small plot of land of his own. He had erected a small mud-and-straw hut in a shady corner of his field. He was an honest man and was respected in the whole village, though some younger people looked down upon him as being too simple and old fashioned. He had three small boys to gladden his old heart and, though poor, was happy and contented in his domestic life.

"One morning, early, as he was returning from a neighboring village, he met a man on the road with a pair of oxen. The man requested Ghasita to hold his cattle for a short time, so that he could answer the call of nature. Ghasita took the rope of the oxen and the man disappeared. Soon after some policemen in uniform appeared on the scene. They asked him where he got the oxen. Ghasita of course explained that a stranger had left the animals with him. He was asked to find the stranger whom he searched everywhere but could not find. Ghasita was arrested then and there for stealing the oxen. At first he thought the whole affair was a joke but when strong hand-cuffs joined both his hands together, he was rather alarmed. He begged and besought the constable to release him, but in vain. He was sent before the Magistrate and was convicted for receiving and retaining stolen cattle and was punished with a year's hard labor.

"It came out in this way. The increased number of thefts and robbery cases reported from the Bishangarh

Thana alarmed the district authorities, especially as most cases remained undetected. The District Superintendent of Police made private enquiries and his suspicion being aroused against the sub-inspector Fathe Hussain, he got him replaced by Tej Singh.

"Tej Singh was a very clever police officer, well known for his detective qualities. As soon as he took charge of the Bishangarh Thana the sign of police activities was manifested in every direction. It was thought proper by the new sub-inspector to secure an immediate conviction of somebody in order to impress upon the people and the authorities his importance and utility. He took Sher Singh the constable in his confidence. Sher Singh borrowed a pair of oxen from a friend of his and walked on the road in plain clothes in order to find a suitable victim. As the ill luck would have it, Ghasita was the man who met Sher Singh first and was hauled up before the magistrate. The successful chalan enhanced the reputation of the sub-inspector Tej Singh so much that he was at once recommended to be promoted. Such is Sher Singh, Hazoor, a great man."

Mr. Rapkins heard all this with grave concern and at the end replied: "You are right, Musa Khan, such is our system of government. The smaller the link the sharper the pinch. Even I, a big Englishman, as you say, am helpless to change the system."

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"The Philosophy of Atheism" (This lecture was delivered before the Congress of Religious Philosophies during the Exposition)

Admission 25c.

Tickets for sale and cards for distribution can be obtained at 569 Dolores Street, San Francisco. Also mail can reach me there. I ask all our friends to help make the meetings a great success.

I shall be in Portland and Seattle in August. Will our friends communicate with me at once?

E. G.

The High School Course of the Modern School

With the coming of William Thurston Brown, who will be assisted by A. Grosner and at least one other teacher, we have decided to organize a class for advanced pupils and to offer to a limited number a High School Course, which will include the following studies:

English Grammar, Composition and Literature; English History, including the history of its literature. American History and Literature; Economics and Civics; German; Latin Grammar; Greek and Roman History; General History, Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern; Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry; General, Science; Physiography; Sociology.

If desired, special courses of study will be arranged in Comparative Religions, Mythology, and History of Civilization; Modern Drama; Comparative Literature; a Course in the Old and New Testament Literature from the Modern and Radical Point of View.

SPECIAL: A limited number of pupils desiring to make up work for college entrance in the fall can be accommodated through the summer.

Terms: Tuition, $2.00 per week; special terms for backward pupils. Board in private families, from $5.00 to $6.00 per week. The families who will board the pupils are members of the Ferrer Colony and will work in harmony with us, giving the children individual care and attention.

Applications for admission or for further information can be made to Harry Kelly, Stelton, New Jersey.

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